
Title: TYRANT ADVENTURE

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LORD BRITISH'S
TYRANNICAL ADVENTURE

Lord British was a
monarch who was haughty
and vain
And especially proud of
his despotic reign.
But conceit of this sort
isn't proper at all
And soon the old tyrant
was doomed for a fall.

One day as he viewed his
subjects from on high,
A voluptuous young wench
caught his tired old eye.
Bending over to see, that
oversexed goat
Let his gold crown slip
and fall into the moat.

With a cry of sheer
terror he jumped like a
fool,
he rushed to his ditch (it
reeked like a cesspool).
He leaped in kersplash!
and sank like a stone.
(Everyone hoped for a
new heir to the throne.)

But alas he came up and
staggered from the
sewer,
his robes smelled of
offal, his breath like
manure.
"Why did I do that?
What possessed me
today?
I'm as daft as old Iolo,
and now I smell like
Dupre."

"And if anyone sees me,
oh what a disgrace,
I had better leave if I

want to save face!"
But a crowd had
assembled and stared,
amazed,
the sight confused them,
the stench left them
dazed.

Then with a shriek a
young boy began to laugh,
giggling and pointing at
the king's fecal bath.
Becoming enraged, the
monarch suddenly turned
wild,
He looked like he wanted
to strangle the child!

His hand turned to fist,
he struck lightning fast,
but the old poop missed,
and fell on his ass.
Not holding back, the
crowd soon roared,
The laughter was
deafening. It grew till it
soared.

But the king found no
humor and called for his
men.
The arrival of the guard
quickly silenced the din.
"For all of you who found
humor in my sorrow and
misfortune
Will soon find the rack!
And pain! And contortion!

Then I will cackle as you
stew and boil,
in a pot full of lard and
bubbling oil.
And for those who
survive this (they'd lifer
be dead),
I'll pluck out their eyes,
and chop off their head!
Finally in the wind their
bodies will swing,
Then you fools will be
sorry for laughing at this
king!"
Then all were led away at
the point of a sword,
While old Lord Brit took
a dip in a ford.

Then he laughed at the
cries that screamed
through the night,
He chuckled at their
anguish, he cackled at
their plight.

In Britannia today no one
openly tells this tale,
lest they find themselves
thrown in tyrant's
darkest jail.

But here in our new
homeland this song can be
sung,
the tale of how British
acquired his faint smell
of dung.